Prin. O, my ſweet beoffe, I muſt ſtill be good angel to thee, the money is paid backe againe.

Fal. O, I do not like that paying backe, t'is a double labour.

Prin. I am good friends with my father, & may do any thing.

Fal. Rob me the Exchequer the firſt thing thou doeſt, and do it with vnwaſh't hands too.

Bar. Do, my Lord.

Prin. I haue procured thee, Iacke, a charge of foote.

Fal. I would it had beene of horſe. Where ſhall I finde one that can ſteale well? O, for a fine thiefe of the age of xxii. or thereabouts; I am hainouſly vnprouided. Well, God be thanked for theſe rebels, they offend none but the vertuous; I laude them, I prayſe them. *Prin.* Bardoll. *Bar.* My Lord.

Prin. Go, beare this letter to Lord Iohn of Lancaſter,
To my brother *Iohn*, this, to my Lord of Weſtmerland.
Go, Peto, to horſe, for thou and *I*
Haue thirtie miles to ride yet e're dinner time:
Iacke, meete me to morrow in the temple hall
At two a clocke in the afternoone,
There ſhalt thou know thy charge, and there receiue
Money and order for their furniture.
The land is burning, Percy ſtands on high,
And either we or they muſt lower lie.

Fal. Rare words, braue world. Hoſteſſe, my breakefaſt, come,
Oh, I could wiſh this Tauerne were my drum. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hotſpur, Worceſter, and Douglas.

Hot. Well ſaid, my noble Scot, if ſpeaking trueth
In this fine age were not thought flattery,
Such attribution ſhould the Douglas haue,
As not a ſouldier of this ſeaſons ſtampe,
Should go ſo generall currant through the world:
By God, I cannot flatter, I defie
The tongues of ſoothers, but a brauer place
In my hearts loue hath no man then your ſelfe:
Nay, taske me to my word, approue me, Lord.

Douglas. Thou art the King of honour,
No man ſo potent breathes vpon the ground,
But I will beard him. *Enter one with letters.*

Hot.